

A

REVIEW

OF THE

Affairs of FRANCE:

Purg'd from the Errors and Partiality of *News-Writers* and
Petty-State/men, of all Sides.

Tuesday, January 2. 1705.

I Cannot but here remind the Reader of this Paper, how upon the short and precarious Peace this Land Enjoy'd, our Trade with *France* demonstrated the Truth of what I am advancing, as to the Scale turning our way, by the Prodigious Flux of *French Gold* into this Kingdom.

How many above 1100000 *French Pistoles* were melted down into *English*, in the Tower of London, the Officers of the Mint know better than I; but it is most certain, the Number was prodigious.

I allow, we fancied they came hither upon another Occasion, and our Melancholy People, who were always foretelling sad Tidings, could never see *French Money*, but they smelt *French Treason*, and strange Conceits ran in some Peoples Heads, as to those Things.

I confess, I Entertain'd no such Opinion, nor had I so much as a Charitable Thought for the *Black List Makers*, or the Story of *Monsieur Poussin*. It could not be; that any Man could pretend to charge, by Name, all those Gentlemen *sing'd out there*, to be stigmatiz'd with *French Bribery*, and on one of whom the Fact has never yet been prov'd; and therefore let those Gentlemens Opinions differ never so much from what mine think are right, I cannot but do them that Justice to declare, That the *Suggestion* was hard and Uncharitable; but the *singling*

them out by Name, as Criminal, while nothing could be prov'd, was Villainous and Barbarous; and so much for the *Black List*.

I think I do my share towards clearing up the Reputation of those Gentlemen, in offering my Essay at proving the Negative by the Affirmative; proving the Quantity of *French Gold*, that appeared so publicly, was not sent hither on account of Bribery, and State Policy, by proving upon what real Errand it came, and what was the Occasion of it.

Whoever therefore, will please to give himself leave to Examine the Trade from *France* to *England*, in that Interval, will find, that no *Tariff* of Trade being settled, none of the high Duties on Wines and Brandies being taken off, our Imports from thence, were very small, the vast Duty of 43 l. per Tun for Wine, and above 50 l. per Tun for Brandy, ruin'd the Sale of them; the vast Price ruin'd the Consumption, and we imported but a Trifle of the Quantity we used to bring hither, and which our Merchants expected.

If any Man say, on a Peace the Vein of *French Wines* will return; I answer, This is the Effectual Bar, the height of the Price, will always balk the Consumption; a few City and Court Taverns, may demand their dear *French Wines*, with hard Names, only because they are dear, and have hard Names; but the General Draught

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can never carry it off; the People will Drink Wine, but they will never Drink Quantities at 2 s. 6 d. to 3 s. per Bottle.

The Custom of 16 Years Prohibition, has fix'd the *English* People into *Portugal* Wines, and the common Draught pleases them tolerably well; ——— But as Custom has brought them to it, the Extravagant Price of the other, will fix them there, and keep them in it.

This considered on one Hand, and the Demand made from *France* for *English* Goods, particularly Lead, Horses, and Corn, of which the *French* bought prodigious Quantities, the Wonder will cease, how we came by so many *French* Pistoles; we might easily have a Cloud of *French* Pistoles, without being under a necessity of concluding they were sent hither to bribe our Privy Counsellors, and Parliament Men, a Thought not to be suggested without Horror, and which ought to have been made as plain as the Sun, after it had been once suggested, and the Persons singled out, and Printed in a Black List, or they ought to have been Hang'd that did it.

I have heard various Calculations made of the Trade between *France* and *England*, in that short Interval between the two Wars; and not to mention Extravagant Guesses, for People will have the Liberty of over-doing in all Cases, the least and most moderate Computation that I have met with, allows *England* to receive from *France*, 90000 l. Sterling a Month in Cash, over and above what Goods they receiv'd from us, during the whole time of open Trade.

'Tis true the time was not long, and it could not have been expected such a Trade could have held always; and the Excess had some particular Occasions that serve for Reasons to solve the Wonder. As,

1. The long time they had to be entirely Empty of *English* Goods.
2. The Immediate Prospect of a sudden Breach.
3. The exceeding Plenty of Corn in *England*, and but mean Harvests in *France*, for those two Years.

The first of these made a Natural ordinary Demand for *English* Goods, all the Dealers being supposed to be out of Stock.

The second oblig'd them in Policy to lay in vast Stocks of such Goods, as they were likely to

want in case of a War; particularly of Lead and Horses: Of the first of which they bought such Quantities, that I have been told by an *English* Gentleman, whom it is not difficult to produce, That he saw 20000 Pigs of *English* Lead, on one Key, or Yard, on the River, in the City of *Rome*.

However, let these Extraordinaries be never so great, the Extraordinary Sums we speak of are great in proportion; and had such a Trade gone on in *England* for 20 Years, it must have visibly Enrich'd one Nation, and Impoverish'd the other.

But taking all these things, at their proper Mediums, it is apparent, that providing the Wine Trade may be kept where it is, our Trade will always be necessary to *France*, at their own Expence; since, excepting their Liquors, they have nothing we demand of them with so much Importunity, as they must from us, our Lead, Horses, Leather, Corn and Wool.

I could descend to a great many Particulars to demonstrate the Truth of this, and to prove, that while we keep up the high Duties on *French* Wine and Brandy, we can never Trade to *France* to our Loss: ——— But I think, 'tis too plain to require any further Examination: If I can meet with any rational Objections, I shall be glad to answer them, or acknowledge my self mistaken.

And now I would listen with a great deal of Silence and Humility, to any Gentleman that would be pleas'd to tell me, for what reason we should prohibit our Trade with *France* ———

And here I would fence also against being misunderstood; I am ready to allow in particular Cases, we may find it needful to prohibit any particular Article of Trade to *France*, as in this Juncture Horses, because there seems to be some prospect, that if the *French* have not ours, they will be very hardly supply'd, and perhaps not at all, with so good Horses as ours; but if we were satisfied, as it is in the Case of our Lead, and was in our Corn, that our Horses being sent to some other Country, were convey'd to *France* from thence, we had better have sent them our selves; but neither is this any thing to the General Trade, for all our other Goods, if they buy them not of us, they either buy them of other Nations, or buy ours at Second-hand.

ADVICE from the Scandal. CLUB.

THE following Letter seems to give a fair Draft of the Treatment our Society is to expect in the World, for being impartial; and since it is very Splenetick, and not a little Ridiculous, they cannot but give it a Place here.

Gentlemen,

A Certain Person, not long since, came into a Coffee-house (which he usually frequents) not a Mile from Charles's Court in the Strand; where looking among the Publick Papers, he finds one, Intitled, A Review, &c. N. —; wherein was related a Story of Dr. Burges's: At the reading of which, he was pleas'd to deliver himself in these and the like High-Church Ejaculations, viz. G——d D——n the Presbyterians, they are all Rogues; and the Fellow that Writes this Paper, is one of them: And thinking himself qualified for an higher Office, than that of a Clerk of the P——e Office, he usurps that of the Common Hangman, in committing the Innocent Paper to the Flames; withal declaring, If ever he saw another of those Papers there, it should have the same Fate.

Now, Gentlemen, This being a Matter so grossly and evidently Scandalous, both in regard to the Fact it self, and all its Circumstances; my humbly Request to you is, That you take it into Consideration, and expose it to the World in its proper Colour, in your next Review; which will answer the End, and highly oblige,

Gentlemen,

Brightall's Coffee-house, Your Great Admirer,
Novemb. 25. 1704. and humble Servant,

A. E.

Alas poor Paper! said the whole Society: *Ala Vox Exclamantis!* What hard Fate was thy due, to fall a Sacrifice to Party Rage, and be the Burnt-Offering of this Gentleman's Extraordinary Zeal! — But, Sir, Tho' the Author might be a Presbyterian, and you were willing all such should be toss'd into the Fire, or any where, yet the Innocent Paper was no Presbyterian; and therefore your proceeding the shortest way with that, tho' it has an Emblematick Signification with the long since Solemn Resolution of your whole Party, yet it had not half so much Reason, less Policy, and above all, little or no Temper in it.

But fare thee well, honest Review, thou hast dy'd a Martyr to the Presbyterians; and thus the Dog that can't bite the Hands, spends the Venom of his Heart upon the Stone they fling; but generally finding it hard and flinty, breaks his Teeth at it, and goes away asham'd.

THE Society desire never to be troubl'd with those Gentlemens Applications, who are able to prescribe their own Remedies without them, for that is but giving Trouble to no purpose; this seems to be the Case in the following Letter, and therefore they take it a little unkindly to be disturb'd thus.

Gentlemen of the Scandal. Club,

THE Impartiality, Generosity, and Relief, those that are in Distress find, by applying themselves to your Society, Incourages me to hope for Redress for one in a Deplorable Condition: It is a Young Man living at an Inn in the —, whose Heat of Blood prompted him (having no other Conveniency) to make use of an Old Female Hag, who lives (in Quality of Servant Maid) in the same House; but now being cloy'd (as he well may) or having got one that is not so Incontinent, which I suppose the Occasion, he now slights her, and does all he can to Discard her; but she having tasted the Pleasure of his Conversation, is a continual Plague to him, and so teazes the Poor Fellow, that, I believe, if there's no Remedy found out, his Master must send him to Bethlem.

Gentlemen, Your Advice what's to be done in this Case (and a Word of Advice to him to leave his Wicked Practice, and to reform) is desir'd by your humble Servant in your next Tuesdays Paper; for I much fear, should ye postpone it, for so Insuperable Business of more Moment now on your Hands, the Poor Fellow must be forc'd to quit his Master's Service, and so be destitute of a Livelihood; or else be accessary to his own Death, by a Consumption, which will attend his detested Conversation with that Old Hag, which he can no ways avoid (she being such a perpetual Teazer of him) but by leaving his Service, except, Gentlemen, you'll in pity to this Poor Fellow, find some Expedient to help him, which will oblige

Nov. 25.

Your humble Servant,

1704.

A. R.
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To *Bedlam*? Ay, and reason good, said the Society; Whether would you send him? There can be no proper place for him: And therefore, as before, they wonder you should Trouble the Society about it, unless it be to have their Direction, Whether they should not stop a little at the House of Correction, by the way.

That first a Young Fellow, who is, it seems, but a Servant, should be so Lunatically Lewd, that rather than not be Vicious, it must be with one fitter, it seems, to be his Grandmother than his Whore; and when he had gorg'd his Appetite with craving antiquated Lust, and quenched the Fire in the Jakes, he gets still a fresh Stream, and continues the Crime only in a manner more agreeable to common Sense and to Nature.

And now he must be advis'd what to do:—Alas Young Man! The Society joyns with his Friends Prescription, and advises him to put himself into *Bedlam*, for there is nothing like Voluntary Physick, get himself *Shav'd*, *Chain'd*, and *Bolted in*, and there let him converse with Straw and Milk-Pottage, till about the middle of *February*; and if he does not find Nature a little check'd, let him get himself put into the *Cold Bath* once a Day; and if all this won't Cure him, let the Old Hag, they speak of, be put to him, and let them be Foot-lock'd together Naked, for about a Month longer; and if neither Abstinence, nor Surfeit will Cure him, let 'em send to us for farther Advice.

Advertisements are taken in by J. Matthews in *Pilkinson-Court* in *Little-Britain*.

Preparing for the Press,

The *Consolidators*; or, *Memoirs of sundry Translations in the World in the Moon*: By a Native of that Climate. Translated from the Lunar Language, by the Author of *The True-born English Man*.

ADVERTISEMENT.

The Royal Effence for the Hair of the Head and Perriwigs, being the most delicate and charming Perfume in Nature, and the greatest Preserver of Hair in the World, for it keeps that of Perriwigs (a much longer time than usual) in the Curl, and fair Hair from fading or changing colour, makes the Hair of the Head grow thick, strengthens and confirms its Roots, and effectually prevents it from falling off or splitting at the ends, makes the Powder continue in all Hair longer than it possibly will, by the use of any other thing. By its incomparable Odour and Fragancy it strengthens the Brain, revives the Spirits, quickens

the Memory, and makes the Heart cheerful, never raises the Vapours in Ladies, &c. being wholly free from (and abundantly more delightful and pleasant than) Musk, Civet, &c. 'Tis indeed an unparallel'd fine Scent for the Pocket, and perfumes Handkerchiefs, &c. excellently. To be had only at Mr. *Allcrafts*, a Toyshop at the Blue-Coat Boy against the Royal Exchange in Cornhill. Sealed up, at 2 s. 6 d. a Bottle with Directions.

At the *White Swan* upon *Snow Hill*, over-against the *Green Dragon* Tavern, are made and sold the Newest fashion Flower-Pots for Gardens; Urns, Eagles, and Pine-Apples, to stand upon Posts of Large Gates; also large or small Figures, all made of hard Mettal, much more durable than Stone, and cheaper; also Candle Moulds, fit to make Wax or Tallow Candles, from 1 in the Pound, to 20: There is also made Artificial Fountains, that Play Water from 1, 2, or 3 Foot, to 20 or 30 Foot high, 1, 2, 3, or 6 Hours together, without Repeating with the same Water; which Fountains or Engines may be made use of to extinguish Fire 40 or 50 Foot high, with a continued Stream larger, than the Common Fire-Engines.

Lately publish'd,

The Church of England prov'd to be Conformable to, and Approv'd by all the Protestant Churches in Europe. Being an Abridgment of Mr. *Dwells* Book of Foreign Churches. Printed for *Jeffery Wade* at the Angel in *St. Paul's Church-yard*, and Sold by *John Nutt*, near *Stationers-Hall*, 1705.

Just published,

Concordia Discors: Or, Some Animadversions upon a late Treatise, Entitl'd, An Essay for Catholick Communion, in a Letter to a Friend at *Westminster*. By a Presbyter of the Church of England. Printed for *George Sawbridge* in *Little-Britain*. Price 1 s.

Just publish'd,

The Second Edition of *Union to the Church of England*, freely offer'd, and earnestly recommended to the Dissenters from it of all Perswasions; but particularly to the Occasional Conformists. By a Minister of the Church of England. Printed for *Geo. Sawbridge* in *Little-Britain*, and sold by *John Nutt*, near *Stationers-Hall*, 1704.

Just Published,

The Toasters Compleat. With the last Additions. Printed in the Year, 1704.

Britannia Triumphant: Or, The Empire Sav'd, and Europe Deliver'd, by the Success of Her Majesty's Forces under the Wife and Heroick Conduct of his Grace the Duke of *Marbrough*. A Poem. By Mr. *Dennis*. Printed for J. Nutt, near *Stationers-Hall*, 1704.

A Glympe of Hell: Or, A Short Description of the Common-Side of *Newgate*. Printed in the Year, 1704.